



Uncle Wiggily's Adventures

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Uncle Wiggily Saw the Two Little Piggie Boys on Roller Skates. The Rabbit Bunny Thought He'd Like to Skate Also. But See the Baboon! Oh! Oh!

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Pictured by LANG CAMPBELL



"My goodness me, snakes alive and some peanut lollypops!" cried Uncle Wiggily, as the bunny rabbit gentleman saw Curly and Floppy Twistytail, the two piggie boys, cutting up high jinks on their roller skates. "You two little chaps are wonderful!" Curly made a figure seven, and Floppy said: "Roller skating is very easy, Uncle Wiggily. You ought to try it yourself." The bunny sort of twinkled his pink nose, and said: "Perhaps I will." Nurse Jane, looking from the hollow stump bungalow window, wondered what Uncle Wiggily was thinking of. "If he tries roller skating, something will happen," she said.



Uncle Wiggily went to the six and seven cent store and bought himself a pair of roller skates. "I don't believe I'm too old to learn, even if I have the rheumatism," he said, twinkling his pink nose. "I'll go in my barn and practice—then Nurse Jane won't see me. I may not do as well as Curly and Floppy Twistytail, but at least I can try." The bad old blue-nosed baboon, hiding behind a lamp post, saw Uncle Wiggily come out of the store, carrying the roller skates. "This is the time I catch him and get his souse!" thought the bad chap. "He'll get all tangled up on those skates and I'll have him!"



"Why, roller skating is much easier than I thought!" laughed Uncle Wiggily, as he put the funny wheeled things on his paws and began gliding around the barn. "I'll soon be as good as Curly and Floppy, and then I can skate outside. I'm glad the weather is cool. It isn't so much fun to roller skate on a hot day." Uncle Wiggily was skating straight toward a barrel of carrots. Faster and faster he slid over the barn floor. "Dear me! I hope I don't bump into the barrel!" said Uncle Wiggily, as he rolled along. "I wonder how you stop yourself when you're roller skating?" The Squiggle bugs wondered, too.



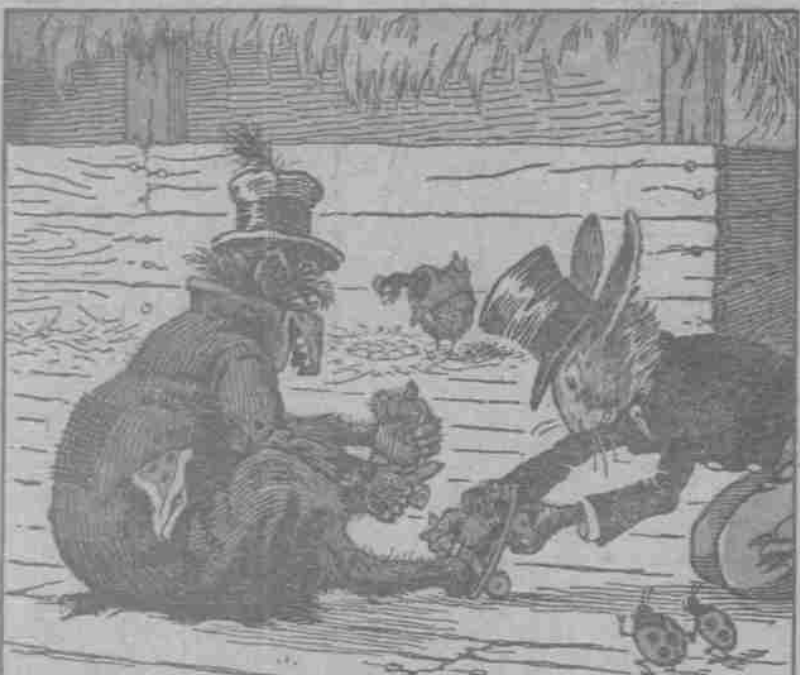
Uncle Wiggily skated so fast that he could not stop himself, and right into the barrel of carrots he went—head first! Just then Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy opened the barn door and saw him. "Dear me, Wiggily! What are you doing?" asked the monkey lady. "I heard a funny, rumbling noise out here in the barn and I came to see what it was. Why are you standing on your head?" Uncle Wiggily sort of grunted and said: "I am getting you some carrots to fry for dinner. Please go away." Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy was much surprised. "I'll go, but that's a very funny way to get carrots out of a barrel!"



After getting out of the barrel of carrots Uncle Wiggily started off once more to learn to roller skate. In one corner of the barn was an old washtub. The bunny gentleman did not see it and, before he knew it, he had twisted and turned and skated backward right into it. Uncle Wiggily sat down hard. Nurse Jane, who had started back toward the hollow stump bungalow, heard the thumping, bumping noise. "Is anything the matter, Uncle Wiggily?" she asked, as she stood outside the barn. "No, nothing at all, thank you!" answered Mr. Longears. "I am all right. Please go away, Nurse Jane!"



"Ah, here you are!" chattered the bad blue-nosed baboon, as he opened the barn door and saw Uncle Wiggily trying to learn how to roller skate. "I thought I should find you in." The bunny rabbit sorrowfully twinkled his pink nose and said: "I wish you had found me out instead of me. What do you want?" The baboon laughed. "I want some souse," said he, "and I am going to have it, if I have to chase you all over this barn floor. Don't think, just because you have on roller skates, that you can get away from me!" Uncle Wiggily felt very sad. "How can I get away from the baboon?" he thought.



"I hope you have a nice skate," said Uncle Wiggily to the monkey chap, as the bunny rabbit gentleman invited the monkey chap to try the rollers. "Perhaps you will be a much better skater than I am." The baboon snickered. "Of course, I'm a better skater than you!" he said. "But just because you let me take your rollers, don't think I will let you go! I'm going to bite your souse, just the same, as soon as I finish having a little skate around the barn." Uncle Wiggily sighed. "Oh, if only something will happen to stop him from getting my souse," thought the bunny. Now let us see what does happen.



"Hold on! Stop! Catch me!" cried the baboon, as he found himself going faster and faster over the barn floor. "How do you stop these roller skates, Uncle Wiggily?" he called. "I don't know!" laughed the bunny. "That's one thing that struck me as funny! I couldn't stop myself, once I got going. But you'll soon stop, Mr. Baboon!" The bad chap made all sorts of funny motions. "Yes, I know I'll stop—some time!" he said. "But look where I'm going to land—right in a hen's nest—I'll be a regular omelet! Oh, stop me!" But Uncle Wiggily was laughing too hard. "I guess my souse is safe!" he thought.



"Dear me!" laughed Uncle Wiggily, as he blew a good-bye kiss to the baboon, who had roller-skated right into the middle of the hen's nest. "Who would have thought it! Why, you aren't a much better roller skater than I, Mr. Baboon!" The bad chap, all covered as he was with the whites and yellows of eggs, was stuck so fast he couldn't get up in a hurry. "You wait!" he cried to Uncle Wiggily. "I'll get you yet!" The bunny hurried out of the door. "I'm sorry about your eggs," he said to Mrs. Hen. "Oh, that's all right," she chuckled. "I can lay more. I'm glad my eggs saved your souse." And I guess we are all.

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